UC-NRLF
B 2 888 987

LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA.
930
W819
Class 1604
1912
CASE
B

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

The Wit of a Woman

1604

Date of the first and only known edition, ... 1604

(*B.M.* C. 34, b. 56.)

Reproduced in Facsimile, 1912

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

The Wit of a Woman

1604

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of

THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS
MCMXII

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

The Wit of a Woman

1604

The original of this facsimile, like "The Wars of Cyrus" (see Introduction to that facsimile reprint) is in a bad state. Many of the pages present exceptional difficulties owing to their stained paper with ink showing through from the other side. These difficulties in both cases have been surmounted, says Mr. Herbert, probably about as successfully as photography will admit of, and where they are absent the reproduction is all that could possibly be desired. He continues, specially with reference to the present play:—"It is quite excellent. There is hardly anything else for me to say; but I should like to suggest still greater care not to over-blacken the pages which contain decorative work, and in painting out the clip-marks."

The "Hand-list" to the series I have been obliged to postpone sending out until the next issue on January 17th next.

JOHN S. FARMER.

January 3rd, 1912.

229924

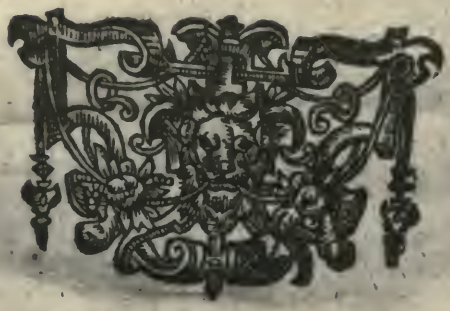
Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2008 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/witofwoman00londrich

A Pleasant Comoedie,

VVherein is merily shewen:

The wit of a Woman.



LONDON
Printed for Edward VVhite, *and* are to be sold at the little North doore of Pauls Church at the Signe of the Gun. 1604.

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

The Interlocutors.

Balia	an olde Schoolemiſtris.
Bario	an olde Merchant.
Nemo	a Phiſitian: and aged.
Ferio	a Lawyer: and in yeares.
Dorio	an olde Captaine.
Veronte	a young Gentleman, Sonne to *Bario*.
Filenio	Sonne to *Dorio*.
Gerillo	Sonne to *Nemo*.
Rinaldo	Sonne to *Ferio*.
Erinta	Daughter to *Bario*.
Lodonica.	Daughter to *Dorio*.
Gianetta	Daughter to *Nemo*.
Iſabella	Daughter to *Bario*.
Bragardo	a Ruffian.
Bizardo	his man.
Sir Lawrence,	a prieſt.
Miſa	an olde Sicke woman,
Billa	a young wench.
Dano	a ſicke Marchant.
Giro	a Vintners Boy.

The Prologue.

YOuth and Age were both in loue,
Either ſought their haps to prooue:
When in fine, a womans wit
Did in Reaſon, Nature fit.
Age was coſened, yet contented,
Youth was pleas'd, and not repented:
Loath I am to tell you all:
Ye ſhall ſee what will befall,
Merrie ſporte without hurt ment,
Is the end of our intent.

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

The wit of a Woman.

Actus I. Scæ. I.

Enter Balia with the Wenches.

Balia, Merilla, Isabella, Gianetta, Erinta.

Ba. GEntlewomen, in trueth I am sory to see how you tryfle out the time, without either good to your selues or credite to me: your parents thinke their charge lost: I thinke my paines lost, and you will finde your time lost: good Lord, what shall I saye to you? I know I shall haue more anger for you, then euer I shall get good by you: nay, it is too true, looke on me as you list: *Erinta*, let me see hither your worke: good stuffe, is it not? in trueth not a true stitch in it; in deed, I will haue it all pickte out: why, what doe yee meane?

Er. Truely mistresse, I haue had such a paine in my head, that I can scarce holde open mine eyes, and therefore blame me not for my worke, when I am better it shall bee amended.

Ba. Well, it is an olde saying, I heard my Grand-mother speake it many a daie agoe, that good wordes makes amendes for misdeedes: but in earnest, if you bee not well, I praie you lay by your worke, and take your pleasure, either at your Lute or dauncing, or what it please you: and if you thinke it not amisse, you shall haue maister Doctors opinion for your health?

Er. I thanke you forsooth, euen as it shall please you.

Ba. Well *Merilla*, let me see your Cushin-work: oh Lord, heere is a great fault, in trueth your colours are not wel mingled, besides it is not euen laid.

Ne. Truely forsooth, I had not enough of the white, and therefore I was forced to take of the Carnation, as neere it as I could; which being of a bigger sort, could not lye so euen as I would haue had it, but truely I haue done my best in the working of it.

Ba. A sufficient excuse can not be refused, and therefore I will blame my selfe for this fault. But, *Isabella*, I pray you what flourish is this that you haue made heere?

Isa. Why? forsooth, such as you bad mee for the Coife: for there is not threed ynough for the kirtell, till you send for more.

Ba. Intruth you saie true: good Lord helpe mee, I see I grow olde, my memory doth so fayle me: but I praye you beare with me, and put me in minde to send for some in the morning.

Isa. Yes forsooth.

Ba. Now *Gianetta*, what haue you written? looke you, a faire maide, and make such foule blottes, and not a streight line? all awry, all awry, I pray you let it be mended.

Gia. Truely forsooth my pen is nought, and my schoolemaister will not mende it, besides my booke was not ruled, he was in such haste that hee would scarce tary to write my copie.

Ba. Yes

Ba. Yea, is the gentleman so lustie? marrie hee shall be talked with all; what doth he thinke to haue his money for nothing? wel, I am glad I know it: but gentlewomē, let me intreate you, euen for Gods sake, as you are together in my house, as sisters, you will liue, agree, and loue togeither as sisters. Your parents are friends, and so I hope will continue, and so I pray you, doe yee. I haue no children of mine owne, and therefore she that vseth me most kindly, shall not finde me least thankfull: and to begin with a bonde of loue, let me intreat you to ioyne hands and hearts together, and let there be no name henceforth, but sister among yee; nor call me otherthen mother: For though in my person I am not worthy, in my loue I will deserue it.

They all ioyne hands with this word Sister.

We are content most willingly.

Balia. Well gentlewemen, I doubt not but this kindnes will continue: I shall bee glad to see it, and for that I know yee would be glad to take the ayre, I will euen leaue ye awhile to your selues: take your pleasures, and at your good times come in. *Exit Balia, manent cæteri.*

Erin. Sister *Isabella*, what ayles thy melancholly of late? come, put it off, it becomes thee not: I am sure you are not making of verses. And for State matters, let vs gouerne men, and men gouerne matters.

Isa. Yea, twere well if it could be so.

Mer. And why not?

Gie. Because we haue nothing but eyes and tongues, and they haue eares and hearts.

Er. Yea, but our Eyes may gouerne their hearts, and our tongues their eies.

Gia. Ha, ha, ha.

Mer. What laugh you at?

Gi. At your idle humors, to thinke that the will of a woman should rule the wit of a man.

Er. Of

Er. Of a man? yea a thousand and more to: for if euer thou hast red stories, or markt courses, then thou wilt finde that al the wit they haue, all the bookes they read, al the courses they take, is but to please vs.

Gie. Mary Buffe.

Mer. Why, when wee haue our wils, are we not at their wils? we laugh at a litle time of their suing, but thinke not of long time of our seruing.

Er. Seruing, what our selues? For doeth not the Lawyer pleade all his cases, to beautifie our cases? doe not the Clyents gold come to our golden Iewels? doeth not the soldiers perils maintaine our peace? the Physitians fees are they not our tribute? and the merchants aduenture our gaine? in briefe, who so stout as dare offend vs? who so rich but will be poore for vs? who so wise but will commend vs? who so noble, but will honour vs? and who so mad but will sweare to loue vs?

Gie. Oh, but when they flatter vs, they abuse vs, and whē we flatter our selues, they haue the hand of vs. But how doe they vse vs when they haue vs?

Er. How I pray you?

Gie. I will tell you as I haue heard: if we be wittie, they will play with vs like Apes: If foolish, they will skorne vs like Asses: if fayre, like pictures make vs gaye to looke vpon; if foule, keepe vs like Owles to laugh at: And the house must bee kept as a prison, or else called gazers, or gossips: cookes of their dyet, Launders for their linnen, seruants for charge, and companions but for idlenes.

Er. Who told thee this tale? but what saist thou? *Merilla*, art thou of her minde?

Me. No. we will be the treasures of their charge, the commanders of their seruice, the comfort of their hearts, the honour of their thoughts, and the ioy of their spirits: or els wee will none.

Gie. Then

Gia. Then I feare yee will leade Apes in hell.

Ne. No, tuſh, thats but a ieſt of a deuill in the world?

Er. Well ſiſters, Let not vs diſagree vpon husbandes, but, if there come any to our mindes, let vs haue about with our witts, to fit our wils to the full.

Gre. I pray God it be not ill ſpeede, to the ſoole.

Er. Tuſh, ware had I wiſt, and good enough: but harke Sirra, tell me one thing, if it fall out, as tis like enough, that we hap to light on ſome ſuch creatures, as wee call louers: ſhall we playe the good girles, and aske, and keepe one an others counſell?

Iſa. The tone is eaſier then the tother.

Er. A forfeit in them that fayle.

Iſa. What?

Ner. Breach of friendſhippe.

Er. Content; but I doubte wee haue prated too long, our mother will hange the lippe, or knit the brow, or deuiſe one dumpiſh countenance or other, and therefore let vs goe in, and keepe her in tune while ſhe is well.

Iſa. Content, a good motion; for in trueth I haue a litle worke to doe, that I had almoſt forgotten. *Exeunt*

Enter Fileno, and Veronte at one doore, and Rinaldo, and Gerillo at another doore.

Fi. A matche:

Ri. At what?

Ver. At Tennis.

Ger. T is too hot.

Fi. What then, ſhall we be idle?

Ri. No, twere better be well occupied.

Ver. About what?

Ri. Will ye ioyne iſſue, if I pleade the caſe?

Ger. Wee two to yee two, at what ye vvill, and vvhen you vvill.

Ver. Nay, we foure to other foure, at a match worth the making.

Rin. It shall bee a bad match that I will refuse my friend.

Fi. And I am for yee.

Ger. Come on, set our feete together, crosse hands aloft: now let him lacke hands and feete, that with his heart faints, or with his hand failes, the true duetie of a friend be it, life or death. Amen.

All say Amen.

Ver. Now my maisters, wee foure wagges to foure mad wenches, our crosse sisters, let vs to our wits, to laye them abroad for their Loues, and though some of our parents seeme not to fauour vs in such courses, let vs doe them as little offence, and our selues as much good as we can.

Fi. A good motion.

Rin. Ile make one, lay the plot and let me alone for my part.

Ger. And I mine.

Ver. Then haue at ye for a double game, well, we will be more our selues: and yet our selues: you are Sir *Nimble*-heeles, and you shall bee a dauncing schoole-maister to teach the wenches to daunce: so when you haue your mistresse, hange your selfe, if you can not teach her a right hit it, both in time and place to iumpe euen with the instrument.

Ger. Well Sir, I vnderstand you, I am for you, and wil be ruled by you.

Ver. For you Sir, you are *dominus literatus*, yee shall be maister Doctor of Fi-ficke, and now and then goe visite your patient, and as you feele your Pulse, so thinke of the disease, with the secrete of the Cure.

Fi. Sir, you are wise, I am not simple: but I can consider of those compounds, and how to apply them to the

place

place agrieued.

Ver. Now for you Sir, you are *Apelles* for your artificial ſpirit, and when you come to the mount of *Venus*, if your Penſill fall, giue ouer your occupation: but in any wiſe be ſure of good ſtones for the grinding of your colours.

Rim. Well Sir: I haue inſtruction enough for the perfecting of my worke, which if it be not like my ſelfe, let me bee counted a Bungler.

Ver. Now, for my ſelfe, I will be an odde prettie fellowe with a penne in mine eare, in the ſhew of a Schoolemaſter, that ſhall teach to read and write, and if I doe not learne my ſchollers kindly to ſpel, & put together, I wil looſe my wages for my labour. But, let vs looſe no time, but for now we know what to do, be going about our buſines. *Exeunt.*

Enter Bario and Doctor, Lino.

Bar. Maiſter *Doctor*, in truth you haue a moſt ſweet child vnto your daughter, & if it were not to make you too proud, I would tell you ſhee will need no great Dowry for her preferment in mariage.

Doc. Sir, you haue taught mee what to ſaie, if I could ſpeake, but if ſhe is a good foile to your Diamonde.

Bar. They ſaide, after the old prouerbe; that the *Crowe* thinkes her bird of a fayre feather: but truely it is not ſo with me; for, I muſt confeſſe, though I can not thinke mine deformed; yet for complexion, you haue a Paragon: I can not tell whither your Art help any thing in the perfecting or preſeruing of it.

Doc. Well Sir, your commendation cannot miſconceite mine opinion, I hold her fayre that is gratious, and wiſe that is thrifty, and honorable, that is vertuous; ſo may I liue to ſee my daughter, I ſhall be a glad father: if otherwiſe, what I cannot helpe, I muſt be ſory for.

Bar. Indeede patience is a remedy for many hurts, and for my ſelfe, I will follow my wifes counſell, who oftentimes in her life time, would tell mee this touching my children: Nature is no brother, and youth is an age of imperfection, and labour without pleaſure, is but a dulling of the ſpirit; and therefore haue an eye, but not a hand ouer them: for a good nature is rather awed with loue, then amended with feare: and, euen as ſhe wiſhed me, haue I done, and will doe; commende what I ſee good, and wincke at a litle fault; for loue is tender, and griefe is ſooner taken then remooued.

Doc. You ſpeake like a kinde father, that may bee ioyfull in ſuch a daughter: But, what ſaye you of your ſonne?

Bar. A wagge, a wagge, I rather praye for him, then loue him, and yet being mine owne, when I remember my youth, I can the better hope of his elder yeeres.

Bal. Why, indeede, hee is a gallant gentleman, of a noble ſpirite, and knoweth what he doth, how merrily ſoeuer hee make a countenance.

Bar. In trueth I hope ſo well of him, that though hee weare a feather, he will not throwe awaye his hat, but I would wiſh that hee had a lide of your ſonnes ſalt in his braynes.

Doct. My boyes, alas, hee is a meere freſh-man, and yet though I hope hee will be no knaue, I would be loath to ſee him a foole: but looke you who commeth yonder: Gentle-men, a fayre daie befall yee: no offence to your kindneſſe: whence come yee? I will not aske whither goe yee.

Enter Giro and Ferio.

Gir. Well ſaid Maiſter Doctor, take a ſcholler without a tricke.

a tricke, and ſet a fyre on his Library. But Sir, to leaue eloquence in plaine honeſtie: we came from miſtreſſe *Balias* houſe, where if you had beene with vs, yee might haue heard ſome muſicke: and for you miſtreſſe *Bario*, let mee not make you proude, your daughter ſings like a Nightingale; and maiſter Doctors daughter playes, it would do one good to heere her.

Bar. I thanke you Sir, for your good reporte wee will euen make a ſteppe to ſee howe they doe, and yours too: For I am ſure they are not behinde hande with deſarts of commendations: What ſaie you Signior *Ferio*?

Fer. Faith mine, her miſtreſſe ſayeth, hath an excellent hande at her needle: and for an apt hand to writing, I muſt confeſſe, ſhee is worthy prayſe: But I perceiue yee are going thither, and therefore we will leaue you to your iudgements of our reporters.

Bar. I thanke you maiſter Doctor; you will beare mee company.

Doc. Yea ſir, with all my hart. *Exeunt Bar. & Doctor.*

Manent Ferio & Giro

Ferio. Maiſter *Giro*, truely miſtreſſe *Balia* is a good old woman, howe carefull and how kinde; ſhee is rather like vnto a mother, then a miſtreſſe: and truely me thinkes the wenches loue like ſiſters, it were pittie that they ſhould be parted.

Giro. For mine, ſhee ſhall not part from her miſtreſſe, till ſhe haue a maſter that ſhe may be bold with, and for your daughter, I would ſhe had as good a husband as I could wiſh her.

Fer. I am ſure you would wiſh her no bad one for her mothers ſake: but I would that ſheo had no worſe then your Wife had; though I ſaye it to your face: and

for

for mine owne part, young fellowes are ſo light-headed, that it is twentie to one, to bee well beſtowed, except he be eyther a foole, that will bee ruled, or a *Phœnix* that cannot bee found.

Gri. Nay ſofte, ſay not ſo, Some coltes are back to young and ſome at full age, a good rider doth much that can and will marke the nature of the horſe.

Fe. So, ſome Mares may bee younger bellied then other, and then the Coltes will bee but Tittes, except the Sire bee the better, but let the Iades alone, and ſpeake plainely to the purpoſe,

Gi. Then to the purpoſe, liberty is a way to will, and eaſe to wantonnes, and when wenches haue the head, a ſnaffle wil not holde them in.

Fe. Why then to be a bridell, and yet too much keeping in makes them the madder to get out, but as for ours we haue no neede to bee affraide of ſparrow-blaſting, their miſtris keepes them euer ſo well occupied, that they haue no time to be idle.

Gi. I cannot tell what you talke of occupying, this writing in a wench may make ill worke with a man, which letters may conuey more knauerie, then tongues may bee heard to ſpeake of.

Fe. Yea but what thinke you of dauncing and ſinging?

Grim. Pretty qualeties, the one to bee witche them that heare them, the other to heare ſuch as will talke with them, and vnder the ſhape of a man, to heare a Deuill in a Maske.

Fe. Oh you are an old Colt, but yet, ſpeake more charitably; the vſe is it that makes or marres, the qualities are decent, and neceſſary.

Gi. Yea but they marre huſwifery, they drawe companie, and aske coſt.

Fe. Why, is it not better to honour wit, then to be troubled with folly?

Gi. Oh

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

Gi. Oh the cunning of nature needes no art, and what wemen are we, men can tell.

Fe. Why, haue you ben so met with all? truely, I am perswaded, that you are not yet so paste the worlde, that you would cast your cappe at a sweete creature.

Gir. I am content to make you my iudge, because I will be quittance with your conceite: but, mee thought I hard you saie euen now, that you were to goe to the part about your pinnisses, that is lately come in from the Straites: let not me be a hinderance to your busines, wee shall meete againe, and whensoeuer you will, I will beare you company to mistresse *Balias*.

Fe. I thanke you Sir, with all my hart for putting mee in remembrance, I had almost forgotten my selfe: you may see how good companie passeth the time awaye: when I goe I will send you word.

Gi. I thanke you sir. *Exit Ferio.*

Giro solus.

Well, I see wit goes not all by age, nor loue by reason: for then should not I exceed my selfe in affecting that which will increase my folly; but against death there is no medicine, nor any argument to stand with loue: and therefore since I am in by the weeke, let me looke to the yeere: *Fetios* daughter is fayre, well, and beautie is worth the looking on, so, and she is wittie: and that is worth the thinking on, true: and she is kinde and that is worth the lighting on: well, but I am olde, and that is not worth the looking on; true, and I am fooliſh, and that is not worth the thinking on, so: and I froward, and that is not worth the lighting on, right: so the she is fayre, witty, and kinde, and I am old, fooliſh and froward: and how then shall wee come to the matter: no reason to hope of it, yet fortune doth much in fansie, & wealth pleades strongely with a wench: yea to make a foole of him that hath it, and will part with it: well, I am rich, and will be bountiful

bountifull, for I am louing and so farre in loue, that I will be a foole to haue my fortune: and therefore *Gianetta* I will come to see my daughter, but i shall bee for thy sake, for tis thee I loue, thine eyes haue holde of my hart, and thy hand shall rule the whole world that I haue: but al this is nothing: I must, If I haue any wit, now worke it to her will, and so I will, my daughter shall be the meane, and mistris *Balia* shall not say me nay: crownes must flye, and they shall walke, for they neuer did me better seruice. *Exit*

Enter F. *Ienio now called Niofell, and his seruant Goffo, now called* Foggo.

Fi. Foggo, Set vp the Table, now sir, first secrezy for your life, not to reueale my trust, and for our better gaine to draw our patients.

Gof. You Sir, for I am neither Phisitian nor Apothecary nor Surgen, but for a woman, and that for one disease.

Nio. What is that sir?

Fog. The vnila: putting vp of the vnila.

Neof. Go to sir knaue, no more rogry, but tend your busines, and marke what I tell you.

Fog. Well sir, mine eares, mine eyes, my minde and heart and all are prepared, to heare, note, remember and performe your commaund.

Niof. Then Sir waite without the doore, and talke with the patient of the disease, and tell me what they say before they come in, but bring in their Vrinalls.

Fog. Tis done Sir, he wayteth there.

Enter veronte with his Table.

Ver. Well heere will I hang vp my Table: and if my hand faile me not, and my penne carry Inke, well, I beleeue I will teach some such a lesson, as shall make them remember mee the better while they liue, but I long to heare of Mistris

miſtris *Balia*, who I heard wonted one to teach a young Gentlewoman or two in her houſe, I wil ſtay within awhile it may be I ſhall haue better lucke then I looke for. *Exit. to his houſe.*

Enter Gerillo with a Fidler.

Rinaldo hanges out pictures.

Rin. Come let vs goe, the clocke hath ſtrooke, & Miſtris *Balia*, will chide if we keepe not houres: play mee a galiard that I made laſt.

He plaies, the other daunceth, and ſo Exit.

Enter diuers patients: one neate Maiden, and anolde woman, one rich Cittizen, Foggo *entertaine them.*

Fog. Siſter you are welcome: I pray you my maiſters, ſtay a little, my maiſter is buſie with my Lord *Nemo*, and is ſent for to my Lady *Nulla*: yee did well to come betimes, hee had bin gone elſe before your comming, but harke you Siſter, tell truely how long you haue bin ill, when your paine tooke you firſt, and where it holdes you moſt?

Maide. Truely ſir a month agoe, it tooke mee with a ſtitch ſomewhat lower then my heart, and makes mee fall into qualmes many times, eſpecially faſting.

Fog. Enough, you Granam what ayle you, the tooth-ache?

Olde wo. Oh ſir you are a merrie man, no tis my head: I haue had it this fiue yeares and vpwards: I tooke it with a colde, and thereupon falles ſo in mine eyes, that I can ſcarce zee.

Fog. Oh you are almoſt blinde for age, and yet with the little owlight ſhee hath, ſhe hath ſpyed ſome young knaue, that muſt ripple vp her gold bagges, to rumble her olde

bones, well you ſhall ſpeake with my Maiſter by and by, but ſtand by a little: now to you Sir, I pray, where is your moſt paine? lies in my left ſide, and ſomewhat ſtuffed in my ſtomacke, and a little ſwelling in my feete.

Fog. Well enough, he hath the Gout, the droppſie and the pox, and yet all will not kill him: well I pray yee come in with me, I will bring ye to him one after an other. *Exeunt*

Enter Bario *and the Doctor from* Balias *houſe.*

Bar. Now maiſter Doctor how thinke you of my daughter, hath ſhee not profited well for the little time that ſhee hath been heere at miſtris *Balias* houſe? I hope to ſee her a fine girle: and her miſtris tels mee of an excellent fine dancer, that teacheth verie well, if he be not to deere he ſhall goe to her.

Doc. Nay ſtand not vpon coſt, for had my wench ſo good a grace, and ſuch a perſon, I ſhould thinke no coſt to much, to inſtruct her in any thing that might doe her good: yet indeede theſe daunceis, ſometimes do teach them trickes, aboue trenchmore, yea & ſometimes ſuch la voltas, that they mount ſo high, that you may ſee their hey nony, nony, nony no.

Bar. Why how now, a Muſitian Maiſter Doctor? what ſhall we haue a ſong?

Doct. You may ſee a man thinkes not alwaies of that which hee ſpeakes: my minde to tell you truth was of an other matter: But Sir, I perceaue your daughter is ſomewhat inclined towards the greene ſickneſs, and if it pleaſe you, I will ſee her now and then, & miniſter ſomething vnto her, that ſhal bee for her health.

Ba. I thanke you ſir, I pray you doe ſo: I will not bee vngratefull

vngratefull for any good that you ſhall doe her, but for that I thinke you are going homeward, and I muſt to the State houſe about a little common-wealthes buſineſſe, I will take my leaue of you, til wee meete againe, & thanke you for your good company. *Exit.*

Doc. Sol. I thanke you ſir, well, is hee gon? nowe let mee talke a little to the winde: for I hope there is no body heares mee: a hem, well I muſt cleere this ſame rough throate of mine, ah how age alters the condition of nature? I was when I was young, a fine fellowe, and had my ſpirit as full of life as a wagtayle, but now the caſe is altered, and yet me thinkes I am this day younger by twentie yeares then I tooke my ſelfe for: Why? God helpe me, I am not olde, and beſides I hope I haue an Elixar, that ſhal reſtore ſtrength to me at my pleaſure: But let me ſee, there is a diſeaſe called loue, that is in many incurable: for eyes and harts and hands, & other parts are much troubled, in the trying of meanes for the true curing Medicine: now the diſeaſe I haue, and what followes? *Medicus cura teipſum.* Phiſitian cure thy ſelfe: no it is *Erinta*, muſt helpe me, or els, *contra vim mortis non eſte medicamor in hortis*: When the eye hath wounded the heart the ſpirits muſt be pleaſed ere the mind can be at reſt: Loue or death: there is but two pointes, and which is moſt fitteſt for age? I feare the Sonne can teach the father, but ſoft awhile, *proximus egomet mihi*: I loue my ſonne, but I loue my ſelfe better, and *Erinta* beſt, who I hope thou doſt perceiue it: but if I can, ere long ſhe ſhal better vnderſtand it, for there is not a ſecret in nature, nor a tricke in Arte that I wil not trie for my loue: but I doubt I haue ſome patients ſtaying for me at home, and therefore I will diſpatch them, and then plot the beſt I can for my buſineſſe. *Exit.*

Enter

Enter the patients going home.

Old wo. Daughter, how like you of this young doctor? truely hee is a great learned man: why, hee told mee my paine, and when it tooke me, and how it holdes me, and euery thing so right; truely he is a wondrous fine man.

Maid. And so hee is, no man in the world could haue gone finelyer to work with mé: I had not scarce fiue wordes with him, but hee told mee euery thing as true as I am heere, and dispatcht me presently, and I thanke him of his kindnes: hearing me saye I was but a poore wenche, would take nothing of me, but willed me to come to him in the morning, and he would minister that to mee should helpe me; I warrant him he is a kinde man, and if I liue I wil be with him betimes.

Old wo. And he tooke not much of me, but that he had, I gaue him with a good will: For, indeed he is a gentle person, and a litle powder he hath giuen me to drinke with a cup of Sacke to bedward: And I will follow his counsell truely, that I will. Oh, these Outlandish-men are full of skill, I see by them. I would I could get him home to my house, truely I may hap trye whither he will taste of an olde Hen, as well as a young Pullet, for in trueth he is a fine man.

Maid. Mother, I promise you, he no sooner had me by the hand, and felt mee by the wrestes, but he made my heart tickle in my belly. But mother, my way I thinke lyeth not your waie, and therefore I will take my leaue on you, till we meete againe.

Old wo. I thanke you hartely for your kinde company: God blesse you, and send you well to doe.

Maid. And you to good mother. *Exeunt*

Enter Doctor Louers with Sig. Bario.

Bar. Maister Doctor, I heare that there is an excellent Painter come lately to the Towne, & for that, fathers some-

time

time loue to looke vpon their children, though it bee in a picture: I will see if I can agree with this new stranger for the drawing of my daughters counterfeit.

Doc. A good motion, and if he be so good a workeman, as he hath the name for, he shall earne some money of me to for mine: Come I pray you, let vs goe to his house and enquire for him: and now I remember me, my girle told mee, that her mistresse promised to helpe her to a good schoolemaster, shall wee see what this fellow doth that hangs out his Table?

Bari. Content: *They knock at the doore.*

Ri. You are welcome Sir: what is your pleasure?

Bar Are you the writer of these hands?

Ri. For fault of a better.

Bar. And what take you for a head?

Ri. Ten crownes.

Doc. And in what time?

Ri. Three moneths.

Ba. Well, I haue a daughter, and so hath this gentleman my friend an other, they are both heere at mistresse *Balias* house: if you will take paines, and that they profit, you shall haue sixteene Crownes for them both.

Ri. Sir, I seldome take lesse then my pryce: yet being together, I can the better attend them: I am content with your worships good will.

Bar. Then hold you, there is foure crownes, goe to mistresse *Balias*, and aske for mistresse *Isabella* and *Gianetta*, and saie you came from their fathers: I pray you do so.

Ri. I will Sir: I know the house, it is neere the Church.

Bar. The same; God be with you. *Exit.*

Now maister Doctor, I pray you let vs talke with the Painter.

Doc. With all my heart, by your leaue Sir: Who is within heere?

Enter Verante.

Ver. What would you Gentlemen?

Doc. Is this your worke?

Ver. It is Sir: if it pleaſe you to goe in, I will ſhew you better pieces. *Exeunt into his houſe.*

Enter Neoſilo, Dines, and Foggo.

Di. Maiſter Doctor, I thanke you for your kindneſſe, & I beſeech you beare me company to my coſen *Baliar* houſe, where I know you ſhall be welcome: there is a yong gentlewoman, ſomewhat giuen to the greene ſicknes, and if you can cure her, I tell you ſhe hath a father that will ſoundly recompence your paines.

Neof. Sir, I will willingly beare you company, and doe my beſt endeuour to do you good, and for the gentlewomā, I will warrant you helpe her.

Din. I pray you Sir, then let vs be going, for I would euen bring you thither, and be going about a little earneſt buſines: but after a day or two, I will ſee you againe.

Neof. At your pleaſure Sir.

Fog. Maſter, will you leaue no body at home to talke with your patients? you may looſe you know not what.

Neof. Thou ſayeſt well, and therefore do you goe home and ſtaie till I come, I will haſten home againe.

Exeunt Neoſi and Dines, manet Foggo.

Fog. Oh, heere is no knauery, olde men may teach to ſpell, but young folkes will put together. My maiſter a phyſition for a wench that is ſicke of the Rabbot: I thinke there was neuer ſuch a wagge borne: oh, how hee can counterfeit ſobriety, talke ſo learnedly, and tell wonders ſo truely, that fooles admire him, wiſe men come to him, and wenches loue him out of all reaſon; hee hath gotten his wordes ſo fit for his

his purpoſe, his complexions, and conſtitutions, and obſeruations, the time of the moone, and the houre of the daye, and ſuch a deale of tittle tattle, that who but maiſter doctor? but well, all this winde ſhakes no corne: he is gone to a patient, that if hee finde the right vaine, hee will helpe her of a greene ſicknes: well, good fortune bee his guide: but who commeth yonder, a Patient? I muſt be wiſe.

Enter the Maide with an Vrinall.

Maid. By your leaue, good Maiſter *Foggo*: I pray you is your ſweete maiſter within?

Fog. No indeed, but he will by and by: but here you me; your payne lyeth beneath your hart, you told me as I remember.

Maid. True Sir.

Foggo. And it holdes you by fits?

Maid. It is ſo.

Foggo. A quaming?

Maid. Right.

Foggo. And haue not you ſome-time a minde to many things?

Maid. Now and then, if a thing like me, I ſhall thinke of it, a good while after.

Fog. And you are not well till you haue it?

Maid. In trueth Sir, I thinke you haue ſome of your maiſters skill; good Lord, how happie are you that can learne ſuch cunninge? you can neuer want money nor friends.

Fog. Indeed wee do not beg for money, though we praye for the ill-health of rich people: for one mans hurt is an others good; it is an euill winde blowes no man to goods; but for friendes, a man may haue woney, and yet bee without a friend to his minde: for if I had a minde to ſuch a friend, as your faire ſelfe, how ſhould my cunning compaſſe your kindneſſe?

Maid Oh

Maid. Oh then, I perceiue your maiſter hath not yet taught you that poynt of his skill: But you are a merrie man that loues to ieſt.

Fog. Why? hang ſorrow, twill not buy a Pipe, but if in earneſt I might hope to haue but my loue accepted, which is more then I ſpake of before: I will learne ſo much of my maiſters cunning, as ſhall ridde thee of all diſeaſes, and wee will liue as merrily as the day long.

Maid. What meane you? Winter or Summer?

Fog. Why, what skilles whither?

Maid. Oh yes, a winters night is long, and the daye is ſhort.

Fog. And what then?

Ma. Oh, we may laugh at firſt, and weepe at laſt.

Fog. Tuſh, feare no foule weather, a faint heart neuer followed a fayre wench to the high wood, and ſhe that will not venter her egges, ſhall neuer haue Chickens.

Maid. Good Lord, who would haue thought you had bene ſuch a huſwife? a husband I would haue ſaid: for indeed, ſometime groomes will grope Hennes: but truely Sir, men are ſo full of mockes, that I knowe not what to ſaye.

Fog. Why ſaie as I bidde you.

Maid. Aſſe how I pray you?

Fog. I *Figga*, take thee *Foggo*,

Fig. I *Figga* take thee *Foggo*,

Fog. To my wedded husband,

Fig. What a prieſt to? in trueth you are a merry man indeed; but you haue here a ring nor a booke; go to, go to, I ſee you do nothing but floute; I pray you will you helpe mee to your maiſter?

Fog. If you will ſtay his comming.

Fig. Yes with all my heart.

Fog. Come on your waies then, and wee will talke further

of

of the matter. *Exeunt.*

Enter Bario and Maſter Doctor with the Painter.

Bar. I pray you Sir bring home that peice in your owne Chamber, to mee to my houſe, we will not breake for a little, and the perſpectiue in your Hall to my friend Maſter Doctors, you ſhall haue ready money for them, but in any wiſe I pray you goe to miſtris *Balias*, and looke vpon the Gentlewomen, and let them fit you out of hande, you ſhall bee pleaſed to your content.

Rin. I thanke you Sir.

Bar. What ſay you Maiſter Doctor? ſhall it be ſo?

Doct. With al my heart: I pray you doe ſo, and I pray you haue a care in your worke, it will not gaine you a little credit in this towne.

Rin. I warrant you ſir, take mee for a ſhadowe if I touch not the ſubſtance of the life. *Exit.*

Bar. Well maiſter Doctor, how goes the worlde that you are ſo melancholly?

Doc. An ill humor that I haue, a deſire to haue any qualitie that is commendable in any man, I could wiſh that I could drawe a counterfet as well as he.

Bar. Tuſh man you would not leaue your deerer ſtuddies for ſuch idle Imaginations, you are for the life, and hee is for the death.

Doc. Nay we are for the death, and hee for the life, for poets and Painters, are euer bound to pleaſing ſecrets: to me for the body, the tother for the minde, and we are bound to ſecrezie but tis when minde and body are both out of temper.

Ba. The more is your gaine.

Doc. Yea but that is not alwaies beſt pleaſing.

Bar. Why ſo?

Doc. Beeauſe

Doc. Becauſe ſometime we are like women, wee long for that wee ſee but cannot haue.

Bar. Go to I ſay, I ſee you are your ſelfe ſtil, your wife would ſay you would not be pleaſed with one diſh, but I pray you tell me in rules of Phiſicke, haue you no medicine for the malady of the minde?

Doc. Yes, for any but loue, and for that nothing but the beloued: for it is an olde true verſe before wee were borne. *Hec mihi quod nullis amor eſt medicabilis herbis.*

Bar. No? yes they ſay there is an herbe called good ſpeed, that laide vnder the beds-head all night, and carried in ones boſome in the morning,

Doc. Will make him a foole all day after, tuſh theſe are ſtale ieſtes: but what ſhould we talke of theſe toyes? I am ſure I am paſt it, and I hope you doe not ſo much as dreame of it: but *Bario* if you or any of yours bee at any time diſeaſed, acquaint mee with it, and you ſhall finde mee your honeſt friend.

Ba. I knowe it Sir and will deſerue it, but I doubt you haue ſome haſt home, and therefore I will not holde you to long.

Doc. I thanke you ſir, indeede I appointed a patient or two, to bee at my houſe about this houre, and therefore I will take my leaue.

Bar. Nay wee will goe to the Croſſe and there wee will part. *Exeunt.*

Enter Balia *with the foure wenches, the Phiſitian the Painter, and Schoolemaiſter, and the Dauncer.*

Bal. Maſter Doctor you are hartely welcome, I wil cauſe her father to thanke you, indeede ſhee muſt bee ſtirring about, and ſhe muſt leaue eating of ſower thinges: I pray you

you tell her so: and as you will haue me your friend, haſte you hither with your medicine, for the longer it growes vpon her, the worſe it will be.

Rim. I haue talked with her, and tolde her as much, and you ſhall ſee a ſpeedie amendment. Lady I will but goe home and come againe to you preſently.

Iſa. I thanke you ſir, and I wil thanke you better, you ſhal be heartilie welcome. *Exit. Doctor Nemo.*

Bal. Gentlewomen, you ſee how carefull your parents are for yee: I pray you looſe no time, fall to worke out of hand, you to your dauncing, you to your writing, and you ſet the Painter, and you to your worke: I pray you goe not out of the Hall, till I come againe, I will bee with you euen anon. *Exit Balio.*

Erinta. Now maiſter Schoolemaſter what ſay you to the world? you haue taken your profeſsion, but for ſome two houres.

Ver. Yes Lady, many yeeres for your ſeruice, for onely for your ſake, haue I taken this poore trade vpon mee to haue the better acceſſe vnto your perſon: and to creepe into your fauour.

Erin, Oh if you loue me ſpeake not of creeping, for of all creatures, I can not abide them creepers, why creepers are wormes in the earth, todes in the ditches, Catterpillers in the trees, and Lice in the heads of poorer people. God bleſſe me from al ſuch vermin: I pray thee ſpeake of no more ſuch figures, creepe not vp right man, and looke mee in the face, or neuer looke for fauour at my hands.

Ver. Then let mee tell you, that I haue taken this meane courſe to attaine the beſt meanes for my comfort.

Erin. Meane courſe, why is not the meane courſe the beſt courſe? the moſt quiet and ſafe? high climers may haue ſore falls, if they ſit not exceeding faſt: & rich miſers are moſt feard of theeues: to much beautie is more followed then honoured,

while louely browne is worthy, Gramercy, doth not the Iuſtice clarke, ſometimes liue merier then his maſter? and is not a penne, a profitable profeſſion? Oh Sir count it not meane that is honeſt: but what coppie will you ſet me?

Ver. This that I haue written.

Er. I pray you reade it.

Ver. From your faire eyes, firſt ſprang my ſweet of Loue
And from ſweet Loue, the ſweet of my deſire:
From ſweet deſire, the paſsions ſweete I prooue.
And from ſweet paſsion, ſweete conſuming fire.
Of which ſweet fire, doth my ſweet ſorrow ſpring,
And ſorrowe ſweet, doth my ſweet death procure:
Of whoſe ſweet deathe, my ſweet content doth ſing,
That all is ſweet, which I for you endure.

Er. Sweet and twenty, all ſweet and ſweet, why thou ſweet Schoolemaſter, all my leſſon is of Loue, a ſweet Loue leſſon, but ſoft, let not vs haue all the talk, Siſter *Iſabella*, what ſaies your Painter? doth he worke all by ſignes?

Iſſa. No, wee ſat ſtill to heare you talke, but now you ſhall heare our chat, for I will not heare any thing but you ſhall be priuie to it: and now Maiſter Painter what ſay you to me for my drawing?

Rim. Lady I would craue your pleaſure to let me know how you will be drawne, either but a little below the breſt or at full length, and either as you came into the world, or as you walke in the world, with the ornaments of nature, or the furniture of Art: or as a Sunne in the clowde, with a lawne ouer your Beautie.

Iſſa. How now Sir? what can you paint words as well as faces? why, you will make your Arte admirable: but to draw me at length, what part will you begin?

Rim. Lady my Maiſter began at the pointe called pray you away, for the needle ſtanding right in the middle, will leade vs the better to our iuſt meaſure.

Iſſa. Well

Issa. Well said Sir, but though Appelles were your maister, your mistris is no Venus.

Rim. But if you will be drawne as shee was, I must doe as hee did.

Issa. How I pray you?

Ri. First take my measure, and then fall to worke, and if you do not fit me with patience, I shal neuer touch the life kindely.

Issa. Goe to goodman wagge: you are a Painter of the new fashion: but what saies master Dancer, to my sister *Gianetta*?

Gia. Little yet, but I thinke hee will say something anon, for I thinke hee hath done as I did, harken to you awhile: but looke where comes maister Doctor, now truely welcome, Sister *Lodouica*, what saies your Physitian? good maister Doctor be briefe for long diets kill the stomacke.

Lod. Maister Doctor, I pray you tell mee who is sicker you or I?

Neof. I thinke my selfe.

Lod. And in faith what is your disease?

Neof. Shall I tell you truly?

Lod. True but not lie.

Neof. The name of it is loue.

Lod. I pray you how is it to be cured?

Neof. With nothing but Loue.

Lod. What, one disease driues out an other?

Neof. No, there is the disease loue, and the remedie Loue,

Lod. then there are two loues.

Neof. No but one loue in two natures.

Dod. Which are they?

Feof. The one in desire, the other in possession: Loue to haue, and haue to loue.

Lod. Well this is too misticall, but I pray you how tooke you it?

Neof. By a looke.
Lod. Where?
Neof. In your eyes.
Lod. And how holdes it?
Neof. Continually burning.
Lod. Where?
Neof. In my heart.
Lod. And what will helpe you?
Neof. Your hand.
Lod. Good in faith, my hand muſt helpe your heart of the hurt mine eye hath done you: is this a receipt or conceite in your rules of loues Philicke?
Neof. From me a conceite, but from you a receite.
Iſſa. Well ſaid ſiſter, you are the Phyſitian, and hee is the patient, but if you be at a full point, holde your peace: there is an other ſute to bee heard, what ſay you to your Maiſter Dauncer?
Gia. You are to haſtie ſiſter, ſtay a little, wee will not haue many words before wee fall to our meaſure: Maiſter what daunce ſhall I begin with?
Ger. If it pleaſe you, a daunce that pleaſeth the beſt ſpirits of the worlde, and pleaſeth mee aboue all other.
Gia. Is it a fine daunce?
Ger. Without compariſon.
Gia. How doe you call it?
Ger. The eye.
Gia. Who followes?
Ger. The heart.
Gia. And how then?
Ger. Then when ſpirits ioyne handes, the mindes keepe true meaſure.
Gian. And howe manie may daunce?
Ger. Two may doe it alone, but the more the merrier, for thogh one Nightingale ſing the ſweet, yet when the wood is full,

full, the harmony is the sweeter: so though a couple may kindely, yet manie couples giue loue the better grace.

Gia. Then I see tis loues measure: haue you it prickt, or can you play it? if you can come on, wee will daunce it all together, I am sure there is some kissing in it. Sisters leaue your prattle, and let vs bee merrie, and daunce all one daunce if our affections be pleased, take care for no worldes comfort: I haue a knacke in my head, that will put vs quickelie into crownes, as much as shall serue vs and all our friends?

Issa. Agreed.

Lod. And I.

Erin. I am for yee: come on Gentlemen, euen a turne and away.

They daunce: and take their leaues, with these words.

Gia. Gentlemen time makes vs briefe, our olde Mistris houre is at hand, your loues you haue vow'd: your Ladies you know: vertue be your intent, and honour your Triumph: be wise in kindnes, and happie in comfort, at your next comming wee will talke further.

They take their leaues with these words: All honour, health and happines, to vertues beauties worthines.

Exeunt Ladies to Balias *house, Manent Youthes.*

Ver. Brethren, our subtilty found, our profession, wil be vnprofitable: pull downe your Tables, sute our selues, our parents will misse vs, but when they see vs, they will but kindely

kindely frowne on vs, and there is all the hurt they will do vs: they will thinke we haue bin together playing the wagges, and so leaue vs to our better courses: shall we euerie one fute himselfe and goe home? it is good pleasing of olde men, they will eyther bee kinde in their liues, or bountifull at their deathes.

Ger. Content is pleased I like your counsaile.

Ri. And I.

Neof. Away then, what stay wee euen for now? the wenches are gone, and yet stay a little: let vs take a little view of this gallant, what he may be for a man.

Enter Bragardo with his man Bizardo.

Bragardo and Bizardo.

Bizar. How hanges my raiper? point blanke, or falles it not to Lowe? I doubt my hangers are somewhat to short.

Bizar. No Sir, it hanges foole euen: but your Tailor hath abused you in your apparell, hee hath not put in silke enough in drawing out.

Bra. Alas it is his trade, to saue a shred to keepe for a patterne against an other time, if the colour be enquired for.

Biz. Why sir? shall hee take out of your garment to put into anothers?

Bar. Sir you are so farre in hell, that thou wilt neuer come at heauen, but leaue you knauie-mary and come to a better reckenning, and answer mee to that I aske you and nothing else.

Biz. I shall Sir:

Bar How hanges my cloake?

Biz. Careles like your selfe, as you should seeme, I meane for him that seemes carefull of his apparell, is counted a neate youth, or a spruse Asse, but if hee buie it to day, weare it out

to

to morrow, and giue it away ,the next day then hee is a gallant, right bred,of a true ſpirit, and a worthy fellow.

Brag. Why how nowe? I bad thee onely anſwere mee to that I demaunded:and you are commenting vpon the text.

Biz. I crie you mercy ſir: what ſay you?

Brag. How hang my garters?

Biz. Well ſir,and if euerie taſſell had a bell you might be taken for a morris Dauncer: but that you want a Hobbie-Horſe.

Bra. Whither now?

Biz. Oh ſir: I had forgot my ſelfe,

Bra. What ſaiſt thou to my beard?

Biz. I feare ſome will ſay you haue robbed a *Muſcouit* another will take your face for a vizard , ſome will call it a lowzie buſh,and ſome a beeſome,or a broome, and ſome a horſe taile: but for my ſelfe, I thinke it is a goodly ſight, and ſets out your face with ſuch a Maieſtie, that it makes you looke like a man.

Bra. Like a man you raſcall,what? no more?

Biza. Nay ſir: I pray you be no more, for if you be a Giant,poore folkes, and women and children will bee affraide of you?

Bra. Well ſir,but what thinkeſt thou of the Ladies, will not one of them fall to my ſhare?

Biz. Why ſir? if they goe by lots, I know not how fortune will fauour her good friendes.

Bra. Nay then,in deſpight of fortune, I wil lay one of them aboord: and for Miſtris *Balia*, I wil not make any great ſute, for if ſhee make the matter coy, I haue the vnguentum Aureum,the golden oyle , that once tickling her in the hand, will make her worke for me like a Mole: But what are yonder fellowes ? by your leaue my maiſters , what are you? whence come yee?wheither goe yee?and where dwell yee?

Ver. Sir,wee are men,men of qualitie, honeſt men, wee

come from a place, wee are going to a place, and wee dwell at a place.

Brag. Hah, *Bragardo* what thinkeſt thou of this cõpanie

Biz It may bee hee is a Ieſter, but if hee be, hee is no fooles but him ſir: trie him further, ſee what hee is.

Brag. Sir, by your nimble tongue it ſeemes our wit is at commaund, but may I bee beholding to you for your name, and your profeſsion?

Ver. Sir my name is *Ventero*, my profeſsion the Arte of Charactering, writing and reading and ſo forthe.

Brag. So ſir, then with al your finical eloquence, you wold be a piece of a Schoolemaſter: but are you skilfull in Characters of loue?

Ver. Yes ſir, and more then that, I can make you a Character, which if you haue a miſtreſſe, as I doubt not but you haue many) if ſhee take but a view of it, it hath a vertue ſo to worke in her eyes, that her heart ſhall be yours for euer.

Brag. And what ſhall I giue you for one of them?

Brag. I pray you let mee ſee one? *Ver.* Ten crownes.

Ver. No Sir, for the firſt that lookes on it is drawne to the loue of them that ſend it: beleeue it Sir, and as it workes the effect where you would haue it, come to me for other of more vertue, my houſe is but here by, my table hanges at my doore.

Brag. I thanke you ſir, there is your money: and what profeſsion are you of, Sir and your name.

Rim. Sir I am called, my qualitie is in the explaning of *Phiſiognomy*: or in the drawing of a counterfet neere the life, & in pure colours, in briefe I am a painter, at your ſeruice: and I ſell complexion.

Brag. What ſaieſt thou to this ſpringall?

Biz. Why Sir, let him goe among the wenches, for there is his beſt market, and yet I heere ſay, wenching fellowes begin to play the fooles ſo out of crie, but I hope you will

come.

come.

Brag. Yes, but I will Sir, holde your peace, Maiſter painter, I will be better acquainted with you, one of theſe daies I will haue you at my lodging, and you ſhall not finde your paines loſt, but I pray you haue you any complexion heere about you?

Rim. Yes marry haue I ſir, and that moſte pure of eight crownes a Boxe, heere is two Boxes, the one white, the other red, but I would not wiſh to open them, til you haue neede, & then in a cloſe chamber, for the ayre is very hurtfull to them.

Brag. I thanke you ſir: as theſe prooue you ſhal haue more of my money, and perhaps I will not bee your worſt cuſtomer.

Rim. I thanke you ſir, my houſe is in the high ſtreete, euery body can ſhew you to it.

Brag. Well ſir, but Maiſter Doctor, what are you? a Lawyer or a Phiſitian, and how you are called of moſt men Maiſter Doctor.

Doc. My name *Neofilo*, my profeſsion, lenrning, my ſtuddie the ſecrets of Nature, the cures of Malladies, and preſeruatiues of healthes.

Brag. And ſir, I pray you tell me haue yon any of thoſe receipts about you, that may make a man ſeeme ſweet when he comes to his miſtreſſe, and ſtrengthen his back, and ſettle his heate.

Neof. I haue ſir heere a pill, and a balle: the pill you may take any time of the day, but it is beſt a little before meales, for it procures appetite, and ſweetnes euery thing that is eaten or drunken, and giues the breath an *odoriferous* ſauoure; the Bal if you hold it but a little, in your hand and after ſtrok, your Beard, it will giue a ſent, ſweeter then a violet: but you muſt do it of̃ that the ſent may hold the better: heere is both the ball and the pil, the price at one worde, fourtie crownes.

Bra. I know in deede things of ſuch vertue are coſtly, you ſeeme not a man to diſſemble, but as I finde the operation of theſe, I will bee further bountifull for your counſaile: in the meane time there is your demaund: and I thanke you but now laſt of all, what may you bee Sir, your name, and your quallitie?

Ger. My name is *Logire*: my quallitie, the Inſtruction of the Limmes, in the Lineal paſſages, of the cõcords of muſick to ſpeake more plainely I am a dauncer, and teach the Arte.

Bra. Ha Sir: and what daunce is the eaſieſt to learne for one of my yeares?

Ger. Sir, if you like it, the woing daunce.

Bra. Mary with all my heart, what ſhall I giue you to learne it mee?

Ger. Sir for fiue crownes I will teach it you preſently, and for ſo much more by the month, I wil make you an excellent dauncer within a while, for you haue a noble body, and I am perſwaded your Iointes are not ſtiffe.

Bra. No, that they doe not, there is thy money, giue mee thy hand.

Ger. Come on Sir, marke how I doe, you muſt firſt kiſſe your hand, and then follow me.

He leades him a Lauolta, and ſtrikes vp his heeles, and there leaues him.

Exeunt Ger. Ver. Neo. Rim. Manent Bragardo.

Bra. Oh, my backe, *Bizardo*, is the dauncer gone?

Biz. Yea ſir, and all the reſt, I feare me to, a thouſand to one they haue all plaide the knaues with vs.

Brag. Oh no, hope the beſt, and come on, ſince I haue no more hurt: let vs along to the Ladies.

Biz. Nay ſoft maiſter, firſt looke to your wares that you haue bought: tryc, you they will prooue, theſe pigges in the

poakes

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

poakes, I haue no minde to.

Brag. Thou saiest well, come on first, for my pill, shall I put him downe?

Biza. It is no matter if yee doe, I thinke, for I hope they bee not Deuils to poyson you for your money.

Brag. Come on then, there it goes, it is sweet in the mouth, we shall see anon what it will doe: now to the complexiō, ha, what is here? black Soape? *Bizardo*, how likes thou this sent?

Biz. Foh, swoundes Sir, tis a Sir reuerence.

Bra. Well, he is a villaine, the Doctor is an honest man, and therefore I will trie a little with his Ball: yea mary this is of a right sent, well, I will rub my hand with it a little, and then see the vertue of it: but let me see, shall I see my Charactor?

Biz. Doe Maister for I feare there is knauerie.

Brag. Oh cousning villaine, I will kill him.

Biz. Why Maister?

Bra. Why, heeres nothing but a fooles cap with a cockescombe and a Bell.

Biza. Oh Roge, but what doe you meane maister?

Bra. Why dost thou aske? what aylest thou?

Baz. Why what ailes you to pull away your Beard? Oh Lord, looke maister, heere is a little glasse, looke how you are misused, this is your honest Phisitian, a poxe take him.

Bra. Oh *Bizardo*, thou saist true, I am vndone, goe to the Ladies, alas I may goe where I will, oh my belly, now the pill workes, go let vs begon, vntusse, goe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Balia *with the foure* Ladies.

Bal. Gentlewomen, I am glad to see your kinde agreemēt God blesse it, and continue it, and Mistris *Erinta*, I pray you make haste of that handkercher, I know your father will bee glad to see you so good a work-woman, and I know it will be

worth a double ruffe to you, and somewhat else: besides an ell or two of fine Cambrick, for your crosse cloathes & night railes, & such other necessaries, I heare he hath a ship come home from *Holland*, if he haue ere an odde piece of ordinary shephards Holland, I wil not beg it of him, but I pray you be my friend to him that I may haue a penny-worth in it.

Erin. Mother I dare vndertake, my Father will not stand with you for a little thing, and for my selfe you are sure of my best furtherance.

Ba. I thanke you Daughter, truely I see you are your mothers daughter, franke and free hearted, oh she was a good creature as broke bread: but heere you Mistris *Lodonica*, for my house, haue you spoken for my lease? I am olde, and my life time is but a little: will hee take mine offer?

Lod. Why mother my father wil not take a pennie of you, hee hath promised mee you shall haue it for a bunch of *Apricokes*.

Ba. I thanke you good daughter, marry and hee shall haue the fairest that I can get for loue or money and I will deserue his goodnes, if it lie in my power, and I will pray for him day and night, God send many such Lawyers as will not onely take no forfeitures, nor racke no rents. I thanke you with all my heart, but Mistris *Erinta* and Mistris *Lodonica*, I pray you let mee intreate you two, to walk a little into the Garden, while I talke a fewe wordes will come with Mistris *Issabella* and her sister heere, by and by, wee toyee, yes forsooth

Exeunt Erinto and Lodonica, Manent, Balia and Issabella Gianetta.

Ba. Now Mistris *Issabella*, heere you are a fore your Sister, & you know I loue you, as deerely as you were mine own, & so

ſo I doe in truth, but I haue a ſecret to tell you, that if you will conceale, and follow my counſaile, it will bee for your good another day.

Iſſa. Why indeede Mother I will.

Gia. And I will be her ſurety.

Ba. Why then let me tell you, youth is fickle, and giddy-headed, and will ſooner talke of loue, they meane it: olde men are wiſe and kinde and ſtaied, and wealthie, and where they loue, they will ſuffer no lacke.

Iſſa. Why, what of this?

Ba. Is not a neate fine, comely, ſtreigth old man that hath his head and his beard well combed, his ruffes well ſet, his doublet well buttoned, his pointes wel truſſed, his gloues and his napkin vnder his Girdell, his hoſe well gartred, and his ſhooes black't til they ſhine againe, that cannot walke in the ſtreete without cap and courteſie almoſt of euery one that meetes him, better then a ſwaggering gallant with a hayre like a Water-dogge, his band halfe in his necke, foule and wrinckled like a diſh-cloute, his doublet vnbuttoned, his hoſe vngartered, his pointes vntruſſed, and in his bootes for lacke of ſhooes, and a payre of gloues perfumed with ſweate, and affraide to walke the ſtreete, for the daunger of, whoſe ſuite, and haue at yee all, that comes, and ſhee haue a kerchiffe ſhee is corrant mettle? Oh thinke ſweet Miſtris, whether is the better choiſe?

Iſſa. What meanes all this?

Ba. I will tell you there is a Gentleman of ſome yeares, in playne tearmes, Maiſter *Bario*, as fine a man of his age, as liueth this day in this Cittie, who bee the other? and I dare ſweare hee loues the ground the better where you goe: And if you can finde in your heart to loue him, you ſhall haue a life like a Lady, why there ſhall bee nothing

nothing to deere for you, and you ſhal commaund euen what you will, you ſhall bee miſtreſſe euen of all his lands, goods, yea and himſelfe and all: how ſay you miſtreſſe?

Iſſa. Yes, I thinke I could loue him a little, but if I ſhould caſt my liking vpon him, what would the world ſay? a young faire ſweet wench, mary ſuch a grimme, Sir ſhe ſurely married his purſe and not himſelfe, and ſhe wil haue a gallant in a corner, that ſhall and ſo foorth: why he muſt bee but a countenance: alas his date is out, hee may pray for them that may: and for her it is pittie ſhee ſhould bee put to ſuch purgatorie, and thus with a great deale of like ſtuffe I ſhould bee held a good minion. but yet I care not, Mother I knowe you are wiſe, and therefore it is like enough I may followe your counſaile, and the rather for my ſiſters ſake heere, whome I loue as my ſelfe: and being her father I cannot like him the worſe.

Bar. Say you mee ſo Daughter? well, it may bee an other day when I meete you in your Coach abroad, or finde you on your Couch at home, with your chaines and your pearles, & your cophers full of gold, then you will thanke me for my counſaile: but Daughter I know hee will be heere anon, and therefore I pray you vſe him well, and you ſhall ſee what will followe, but I leaue you heere with your ſiſter a while, anon I will come to you againe, in the meane time, I pray you thinke on my ſpeech, I pray you doe ſo. *Exit. Balia.*

Iſſa. Is not this a prettie world? *Ianuary* and *May* make a match? it cannot be, the yeare will not ſuffer ſuch vnnaturall coniunctions, but what ſaieſt thou to it?

Gia. I ſay as you ſaie, I haue no minde to bee married to the Coughe, the Rewme, the ſtone, the Strangurie, the Gowte and the Dropſie, I loue not to bee a Nurſe, to ſuckle ſuch a babie: why wench? I am as wel cumbred, with inconuenience, my ſiſter *Lodouicas* Father hath made her his ſpokes man to me, and heere his wiſe worſhip will be by and bie: ſo perfumed with Tobacco, that my head will ake with the ſent of him

him: but looke where they bee, Siſters come on let vs ſit downe, and make a ſhort harueſt of a little corne.

Erin. Why how now? what is the matter?

Gia. Loue ſauing your reuerence, Saturne is in loue with *Virgo*, but the planets will not agree to the match: Age is in loue with youth, and nature admits no reaſon for the Capulation: but how feele you your ſelues in that vaine?

Er. Troubled to, for Maiſter Doctor would faine bee a patient in ſteede of a Phiſitian, and I muſt bee his cure: but

Gia. And what ſay you *Lodouica*?

Lod. Why the Lawyer is become a Louer, and hath forgotten all his caſes, which ſtand of a loue caſe: but I neither care for his tittles, nor his tattles: but yet I giue him faire words, becauſe he is my fathers friend.

Gia. Yea and doe ſo ſtill, for if my wittes faile mee not, wee will conſen them of their ſonnes, of their wealth, and of their wits, ere wee haue done with them. and make them all pleaſed, in ſpight of their owne hearts.

Lod. Yea marrie Sir, that were to ſome purpoſe.

Gia. Well I will doe it: heere anon will my olde Maiſter and (I thinke) my father bee: but how ere it bee, or how ere it come, my Siſter ſhall heare all, and as I begin, follow you.

Lod. Content: but look where an old Fox is peering out of his hoole: wee will be gone. *Exeunt. Lod. and Erinta.*

Enter Bario.

Gentlewomen God ſpeede you, a faire euening, how doe you? how doe you? what Daughter, how doe you with your ſhort breath? haue you taken any thing for it, was Maiſter Doctor with you?

Lod. Yes forſooth, and hee gaue mee a *Iulappe*, that doth me much good.

Bar. I am glad of it, and how doth Miſtris *Balia* and your

good company? all well?

Lod. Yea forsooth.

Ba. And mistris *Gianetta* how doe you? I am beholding to you for my Daughter heere: I would it lay in me to requite your kindenes, I wis I would.

Gia. Oh Sir, it is your pleasure to say so, I thanke you for your acceptation of nothing: but I wold it were in me to pleasure you, for I know my father loues you.

Ba. And so doe I him, and haue done a long time, and truely I haue loued you of a little one, and I remember I haue said many times, oh that I could liue to haue such a wife.

Gia. Alas Sir then you were well sped indeede, nay giue mee leaue to be your seruant:

Ba. Nay marry will I not, I can tell you, if you will like of an olde mans loue you shall bee serued and not serue: you shall bee mistris of me and mine.

Gia. Sir I doubt you speake merrily: though I must confesse my mistris beate such a matter vnto mee.

Bar. Oh, did shee, shee is an honest woman, and Daughter, you know what I saide to you, and so haue I said to your Brother, loue her if you loue me.

Gia. In deede sir, I doe know she loueth mee, and so doe I her, but if I should be glad to deserue your kindenes, I hope you would not haue me to doe any thing to my dishonour.

Ba. Not for a worlde.

Gia. Then Sir for that the world shall not say that I come to rob your children of their portions, if you will make ouer such portions vnto them, as may be fit to giue them maintenance, if wee should chaunce to disagree, then perhaps you should finde mee kinder then I will promise till that bee done.

Ba. Kindely and wisely spoken: it shall bee done, what you will set downe I will performe.

Gia. To my Sister fiue thousand crownes, and your sonne

twentie

twentie thouſand: for you are reputed to be worth a hundreth.

Ba. I am ſo, and will diſpatch ſpeedily what you haue required; neither will I ſee you before it be done, in the meane time, be kinde and true. *Exit Bar.*

Gia. Doubt you not ſir.

Gia. Iſabella how likeſt thou this beginning?

Iſſa. Excellent: but how ſhall we doe for our loues? howe ſhall we come by them?

Gia. Let me alone: when his goods are giuen away, I will make him giue thee away, but let vs goe in, leaſt wee be miſt to long, worke and then we will talke further of the matter.

Iſſa. Content. *Exeunt.*

Enter the youthes.

File. Now my Maiſters this geere workes like wagges, the wenches are our owne, but how ſhall wee doe for liuing to maintaine our loues?

Ver. Take care for nothing: *Gianetta* wrote mee worde to day, that if I would be honeſt I ſhould be rich.

Rim. Oh Brother ſhee will make you beleeue that if you haue her, you haue enough.

Ger. Nay let mee ſay for my Siſter. I know her to haue a moſt perilous wit, and therefore if there be not ſome intent of good vnto vs more then we are aware of, I will neuer truſt my Iudgement.

Fil. What canſt thou Imagine?

Ger. I will tell you when I knowe further, for I loue no conceites.

Ver. Thus much I holde with him, ſome good Ale there is a brewing, for as I heare by my ſiſters maide who was with me this morning, ſhe hath your father at her fingers endes.

Rim, Nay that is true, and I am affraid my father bee as farre in the foole with your ſiſter: but if there bee a plot, God proſper the good meanings, in the meane time,

let vs hope the best, the worst will helpe it selfe.

Fil. Nay for my selfe I am readie, for all fortunes. Ile take no thought, hap what will: but looke if the wenches come not abroad: some knauerie is in their heades, they are so merry: well let vs trie their patience, if wee may bee priuie to their humors.

Enter the Ladies.

Ver. Agreed.

Fil. Faire Ladies, faire fortune to your faire thoughts.

Er. Fine Gentlemen, fine wits haue fine words, you are as welcome as you can wish, but wee must craue your present absence, for there is a plot laide for your good, if you hinder not the proceeding: onely this to you all, as on to morrowe in the eueuing, bee yee all heere in your best apparell, for yee shall come to such a marriage as I hope you shall neuer see againe: stand not vpon questions, for time is pretious, and expectation must bee satisfied: get yee home to your parents and see what they will doe for yee. God bee with yee.

Fil. Wee goe. *Exeunt. Manent Ladies.*

Issa. Sisters, what say you to this worlde? shall wee al studdie olde Chronicles? bee bound prentizes to Age during life, and marry our selues to siluer heads, and snowie beardes: the Cough, the Rewme, the Palsie, and the Gowte? beside a deafe Eare, a bleere eye, and a Iealious humor? in truth mee thinkes it goeth against the harie of a good wit, to giue nature to better pleasure.

Gia. Why haue we not be thought our selues, of a better course? haue wee not laide downe the way for our wills? there restes nothing now but the plot for the wedding: what saist thou *Erinta*?

Er. Marie I cannot tell what to say: but what you wil deuise, I will agree vnto.

Gia. What

Gia. What ſaieſt than *Lodonica*? what is in your braines that you are ſo ſtill?

Lod. Marie I will tell thee, my olde woer is ſo far in good will, that I will commaund his wits, and doe you, as I will, and ſee what will fall out.

Gia. Why what wilt thou doe?

Lod. Marie my Siſter ſhall confeſſe that ſhee is aſſured to her ſweet heart, and that to morrowe the marriage is heere to bee ſolemnized, when, if hee will for my ſake bring a Prieſt with him, and giue thee as his daughter the next weeke after I am his owne: or elſe,

Gia. Or elſe what?

Lod. I liue: and yet I will giue him my faith and troth vpon it.

Er. Nay I like not that, haue you not giuen it already to my brother?

Lod. Why yes, and therfore I cannot giue him that I haue not, hee muſt goe to your brother for it, if he will haue it.

Er. Oh vnhappie wench! but looke who comes yonder, it is your olde ſtout heart, away ſiſters, let vs two ſtay heere to diſpatch our buſineſſe. *Exeunt Gia. Iſſa. Manent Erint. Lod. Lodonica.*

Enter Ferio the olde Lawyer.

Feri. Miſtriſſe *Lodonica* all good fortune befall you, I am glad to ſee my Daughter & you ſuch louing friends: I would it were in her fathers power, to deſerue as much of your affection.

Lod. Sir if I loue your Daughter, I cannot hate you, and knowing the home that you wiſh mee, I would hate my ſelfe to bee vnthankefull, but Sir: as I haue by my letter, which I hope you keepe ſecret, aſſured you of my good will, ſo if I

may obtaine one kindenes at your handes, I wil ſeale my promiſe with my faith and troth to bee youres for euer.

Feri. One kindenes, nay my loue, if it were the loſſe of all my goods, and almoſt my life, and all the friends I haue for thy ſake, forſake me, If I doe it not.

Lod. Sir, then thus it is, my Siſter *Gianet.* is to be married to M. Doctors ſonne: his father is not willing to the Marriage, but time will worke him kinde enough to his owne Sonne, and the Gentlewoman is a kinde creature being a ſcholler with you that may doe the deede: my miſtreſſe hath a ſeruice-booke, and if you will bee a father in giuing her to her husband: he you know my brother, and in your kindeneſſe to him, you binde me for euer.

Fer. Truely loue, your father is my friend, but I will looſe him and all the world for thy loue, and let me tell thee this for thy comfort in his good, it ſhall be done: and whither his father take it wel, for his liuing it is no great matter, for I haue made him ſet to his hand to a deede of my drawing where he hath paſſed, irreuocable twentie thouſand crownes to bee paide within one moneth, and fiue to thee: all which I will giue to thee to beſtowe vpon him againe: for albeit I haue made my daughter and my Sonne an eſtate preſent of good, as is according to my late promiſe vnto it, my profeſſion, & poſſeſſion ſhall bee enough for our maintenance, I warrant you.

Lod, Sir I humbly thanke you, and therfore that al things may the ſooner be diſpatched, I pray you prouide this ſcholler, and bee heere to morrow in the euening, and I am yours,

Fir. it ſhall bee don, my deere, onely loue mee and lacke nothing.

Daughter vpon my bleſsing I charge you that you holde your Siſter in as good regarde as if ſhee were your mother: for ſo I meane ſhee ſhall bee, and I tell you, if ſhee thinke well of you, it ſhall bee nere the worſe

worſe for you, and ſo God bee with you. I will ſee you againe to morrowe, and if you lacke any thing, let mee knowe it. *Exit.*

Manent. Lodouica. Errinta.

Erin. How now ſiſter? how like you this geere? will it fadge or not? ſhall wee not laugh at large, to ſee the olde Coltes fetcht ouer in their kindes?

Lodouica. In truth I could ſmile to thinke what will fall out, but that I am ſorry to ſee my Father one of the companie.

Er. Why peace foole, is not mine in too? why if they were not all alike, there were no ſport, but let vs firſt pittie our ſelues, and then them: for if they were not madde they would not let vs runne away with their wittes as they doe.

Lod. Why how ſo?

Er. Why doe they thinke that wee can loue them for husbands?

Lod. And Why not?

Er. Becauſe it will not be: for if eyther for faſhions ſake, wee looke ſoberly, and ſo ſeeme twentie yeares elder then wee would bee, to counterfeit the young matron, it goes againſt the woll howſoeuer wee weare the cloth: and to bee matched to ſuch a peice of fleſh, as would choake in the goeing downe or bee neuer digeſted in the ſtomacke, were it not better be faſting from ſuch a banquet?

Lod. Come, come, you ſpeake idely: I doe not thinke but twere better be an old mas darling, thē a young mans worldling: and yet in truth they are ſo il to bee pleaſed when they are angrie.

Er. Go to ſiſter, to ſee a toothles chappes ſit mumbling of a honie ſop, a ſpectacle eye as red as a Fox run all day on the Rewme, a breath as ſweet as garlicke, Belch after his Aquauitie, a gowtie legge with ſhroncke ſinewes, and a ſtompe

foote,

footelapt vp in a loade of clontes, with a palſie hand, and a malmeſie noſe ſit at the Table like the Maiſter beggar of a ſpittle, and then at night before day-light, to leaue good companie with a watch-ſtock two truſſes, at night a cap and two vndercapes of a warning-pan, after a good heat, to be laid in his bed like a log of the Indies: Oh were not this a fine comfort for a young wench? fie, fie, it is a Ieſt to thinke that young wenches can loue olde feathers, if they had wit, they would know their owne weakenes, and neuer trouble our patience: but let them alone ſiſter, doo as I doe, and wee will haue a day of it, that ſhall bee ſpoken on when wee are dead: ſerue the father and loue the Sonne as I doe, and if they bee not both fitted, blame me.

Lod. I am content, leade the daunce and I will follow, but let vs goe in to lay our heads together for the ſpeedier diſpatch, for *Gianetta* is a mad wench, and her counſaile will not doe amiſſe.

Er. Content but keepe all from our olde miſtris.

Lod. I warrant thee. *Exeunt*

Enter the foure wagges: Filenio, Rimaldo, Gerillo, Veronte.

Fil. My maiſters, now to the matter, what is to bee done? will our fathers bee made ſuch olde men by the young wenches? what ſaiſt thou *Gerillo*?

Ger. I ſay women haue ſtrange wits in theſe daies, for if they bee diſpoſed to play the wagges, it is not almoſt to bee thought what they can bring to paſſe: how ſay you brother?

Rim. I ſay and knowe it, that nature hath taught them more ſubtilty, then our wits haue vnderſtanding. I thinke *Veronte* you will ſay no leſſe.

Ver. If I ſhould ſay what I haue hearde, I thinke them moſte happie, that haue laſt to doe with them.

Fil. And

Fi. And why ſo brother?

Ver For that as I haue heard, they haue eies to blind mens, tongues to enchaunt men, hands, to binde men, and ſome other thinges, that vndoe men.

Rim. Ha, ha, ha!

Fil. Why brother what laugh you at?

Rim. At my brothers opinion of women.

Fil. Why? is hee not in the right?

Rim. Not rightly conſidered: aske *Gerillo?*

Ger. Indeede I haue heard they are ſtarres to looke on, Angells to heare Saintes to loue, Goddeſſes to liue with.

Ver. They Deuill the bee.

Fi. Whats that? a parentheiſis?

Ver. Better ſo then a foole point.

Ger. Well ſhall I ſpeake a truth, they are as they are vſed: wilfull, thats the beſt: couetous thats indifferent, and proude and thats the worſt.

Fi. Oh but theres a helpe for that.

Ver. As howe?

Fil. Why be as proude as ſhee, as couetous as ſhee, as wilfull as ſhee: if ſhee frowne I would lowre: if ſhe would ſcrape I would ſcratch, and if ſhe would bee gaie, I would bee as gariſh: for when ſhee ſaw her humor once equalled, ſhe would bee quickely out of it.

Ger. Oh but if ſhe (were vnquiet and out of aboundance of little wit) will batten with brawling and ſcoulding, howe then?

Rim. Oh my fathers leſſon, either ſay nothing to, her that will fret her: or out-ſcolde her, and that will mad her: or cudgell her, and that will tame her: or keepe her bare, and that will kill her.

Ver. Peace man, then ſhe will either poyſon thee, or cut thy throate, or do ſome other miſchiefe vnto thee, or make thy head like Cuckoldes hauen.

Fi. No not awhit brother: for Ile tell you a ſhort and a true tale of a fine Taming of a Bedlam queane who would neuer let her husband be at quiet: and after order taken with her, became the beſt wife in the world.

Ger. Yea but ſofte, wilt thou vſe thy wife ſo when thou haſt her? (if ſhe put thee to it.)

Fil. Yea as ſure as death.

Ver. Then come on, we wil all to ſchoole to thee and haue thy leſſon perfect by heart.

Fil. I will tell yee: An honeſt kinde proper man, neither a beggar, nor of the beſt purſe, but endued with many good quallities, married a wench poore enough, nothing faire and yet proud enough, but ſo wilfull and with ſo little wit, that it was out of reaſon to endure her clacke, if her humor were once croſſed.

Vir. Mary God bleſſe me from ſuch a one.

Fil. She would ſcolde till ſhe ſlauerd, and looked blacke in the face, ſweare like a ruffin, and curſe like a hel-hounde, frowne and leere like a Bearewhelpe, and fling that was next her at her husband, ſweare ſhee loued him not, reuile him out of order: and ſo grieue him with bitter wordes, it had almoſt kild him ere hee was aware, but:

Ger. But fie vpon her, but what meanes your, but:

Fil. But the goodman weary of his life, and minding either to mend her or leaue her, deuiſed this tricke for her, learning: one day in the midſt of all her madnes, when ſhee would haue eaten the great Oyſter, following her into her chamber, there with his people vpon the ſodaine ſeazed vpon her, and ſetting her in a chaire, bound her ſo faſt that ſhe could not get out: which done, cauſed her maides and ſeruants, & ſome of his next neighbours, to come into her chamber and to aduiſe her to patience, and to pray for her:

Ver. Why this would madde her more?

Fil. Why ſo it did awhile: but, then hee cauſed the windowes

dowes to be ſhut, and the chamber to be kept darke, & with a little waxe-light, warme broathe and a manchet to be ſet afore her, with a cruze of ſmal beere, & ſo fed her like a childe: then the clarke of the Church and his wife, whome ſhe hated, came to giue her good counſaile, & now & than himſelfe, and now and than to looke into the Chamber and bleſſe himſelfe and pray for her amendment.

Ver. And did not all this kill her?

Fil. No it brought her into the beſt life in the worlde: for ſeeing this reſolution to put her to it: either mende or mad, ſhe grew ſo milde, that within a fewe monthes ſhee was an other woman: the winde of her tongue was ſo calme, that it would ſcarce haue mooued an aſpin leafe when it had blowen: and thus, what neither counſaile nor croſſing could doe, this concluſion brought to paſſe: and ſhe of a notable ſcoulde was a moſt ſweet creature.

Ger. A good worke: but Brother *Filenio*, doth not the howre drawe on, that wee muſt be with our loues?

Fil. Yes indeede doth it, and therefore let vs vſe our wenches as wee finde cauſe, and if we be made as good fooles as many are, ſay nothing as they doe: but ere wee goe, let vs ſee our ringes, what is your Inuention? and your woord?

Ger. My inuention is an eye without, and a hart within: my worde *vide, tene*: ſee and holde,

Fil. Veronte what is yours?

Ver. A diall with a hande for the direction: my worde: *quo tendis*? where you leade mee?

Fi. And yours *Rimalde*.

Ri. A Sunne: my worde. *Clarior Sol*, brighter then the Sunne. Now what is yours?

Fil. Mine is a world, my woord. *Hic mihi mundus*, heere is my world.

A bell ringes.

Fil. But harke, the bell ringes, the houre is come let vs away leaſt wee miſſe our market.

Ver. Content,

Ver. Content, let vs goe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Ferio and a Prieſt with a booke.

Fer. Sir *Lawrence*: you know as wel as I, that heere is nothing ſo pleaſing as ſecrecie in matters of Loue, and therefore performing your care in this, you may happen doe ſomewhat for me that ſhall bee worth a tithe-pigge, and a gooſe to it.

Prieſt. T*eneo*, that is I vnderſtand your intent, or I haue of hold your minde, or I haue you at my fingers endes: I am for you, ſure and ſecret, and ſufficient.

Fer. Then Sir: thus it is, you muſt ioyne the handes of two louing hearts: my neighbour *Barios* ſonne, and Maiſter Doctors Daughter, to whom, for ſome priuat reaſons: I muſt be a father.

Prie. Bene dictum: Amicorum omnia Commune, one friend will doe for another, it is a *maxime*, in ciuill gouernement; I am willing and readie to doe the endeuour of my function.

Fer. I pray thee leaue thy latine, and in plaine mother-tongue, doe that I will entreate thee to, and be ſure of thy reward.

Prie. Sir a Prieſt without Latine, mary then turne him to the Belferie, and make him a Sexton, but feare not any thing in *facultate mea*, I meane that is in mee: and Sir, for that walles haue eares, and windes whiſtle daungerouſly in theſe daies, I pray you let vs bee going about our buſineſſe, where none may heare vs: but *neceſſarii*, that is the louers and their likers.

Fer. You ſay well Sir *Lawrence*, I know we are expected. *Exeunt.*

Enter Brigardo and Bizardo.

Brag. *Bizardo*, is my beard growne to this proportion?

Biz. Yes

Biz. Yes Sir, if it were your naturall, I meane your owne, for it is like your hoſteſſe face.

Brag. Why how is that? weares ſhe not her owne face?

Biz. No Sir her owne is naturally fowle, and her borowed face is artificially faire.

Brag. Why then hath ſhee two faces?

Biz. Yea, ſhee hath two, for ſhee hath three:

Brag. Why, how I pray thee?

Biz. Shee hath firſt a foule ilfauourd face, then a faire vizard, and then laſt a blacke face called a maske, which I hold her beſt face: for till that be off, there is ſome hope of her face to be in ſome good forme, but when that is off, oh her long noſe, her yellow eies, her great lippes, and her horſe Iawes, beſides her worlde wide mouth makes ſuch a face, as God bleſſe me from ſuch a face.

Brag. Goe to Sirra, leaue your rayling, ſhee is an honeſt wench and my friend, but what ſaieſt thou of my hayre, is it ſpied?

Biz. No more then the noſe on your face: a periwig, a pox on it: and yet I curſe to late: for, but for the poxe, it had neuer been vſed; for I haue heard that in olde time, bulde men were had in great reuerence, and now ſo many young fellowes take them vp, that they are with: mary in Sir reuerence.

Brag. Hang raſcall, thou art ſet vpon villanie, but nowe what ſaieſt thou to my perfumed gloues?

Biz. Oh they are but rubd ouer with Lauender, or elſe it may bee they ſmell of the paper that I bought the Pepper in, that you had for your vnala.

Brag. Peace ſlaue, and giue mee a pipe of Tobacco.

Biz. You had neede Sir, for the garlicke you eate to bedward: for your colde is ſo ſtrong, that you had neede haue ſomewhat elſe to kill it.

Brag. Well ſir, but heare you mee: I hope you will ſticke

to me, to bee reuenged on theſe gallants that haue miſuſed me.

Biz. I Sir, mary God forbid, you are good enough for fifteene of them, and beſides, the Law perhaps will light heauie vpon me, for breaking the peace, while you perhaps may weare out after awhile well enough.

Brag. Thou ſaieſt wel, and wiſely, but yet thou wilt ſtand by for a witneſſe howe I am vſed, and take thine oath vpon the quarrell.

Biz. Yes Sir that I will, and talke to them to.

Brag. Come on then, let vs to Miſtris *Baliat*, and boorde the wenches before their faces, that dare croſſe vs, and if wee meete with any of our cheaters, Ile teach them a cheating tricke as long as this cudgell will holde: but what is heere to doe? wine and cakes, and Roſemarie, and Noſe-gaies, what? a wedding?

Enter ſeruants with Noſe-gaies, cakes and wine.

Biz. Yea Sir, a wedding ſure, but will you goe no further?

Brag. Yes marry will I, but I will firſt knowe what they bee, and whence they come. Sirra you with the pot and the buſh, what are you? whence come you, and whither goe you?

Ser. Sir ſnuffe with your huffe, no offence to your ruffe, if you long for the cuffe, I am for you: my buſh and my pot, cares not a groate, for ſuch a lob-coate, farewell *Sinior ſnot*. *Exit.*

Brag. What a raſcall is this? what are you Sirrah with the cakes?

Ser. I am as you ſee Sir: what ſay you to me Sir? if my cakes doe offend you, goe farther and mende you?

Brag. What are the knaues madde?

Biz. No but perhappes, as you and I haue been ſome-what

what merrie in the head with the iuice of the grape: but who comes yonder?

Enter Miſtris Balia.

Miſt. *Balia.* Good Lord Sir, are you heere? in truth my folkes tould me there was a gallant gentelman at the doore I pray you come in, you ſhall be my gueſt: I tell you, you ſhall finde good company; & you ſhall be hartily welcome.

Brag. I thanke you heartily: I will waite vpon you. Sirra, giue the gentelwomā a leaſhe of angells, to buy a ſugar loafe: and goe you to the Sunne, and fetch me a gallon of Ipocras.

Boy. I will Sir.

Balia. Come Sir: in deed you are at to much coſt; I know not how to make you amends, but I will not be vnthankfull: will it pleaſe you leade the way?

Brag. I thanke you. *Exeunt.*

Enter Bizardo, with the Vintners boy, Gero. halfe dronke, and the wine.

Biz. Boy is it right?

Boy. Right? Zblud I would you coulde goe right to the houſe, a pox of your righting.

Biz. Boy it taſtes of the Caske.

Boy. Caske? in faith you haue a caske, a rope of ſuch a caske, come will you goe along?

Biz. Boy the pot runnes.

Boy. Come your wit runnes, and your tongue runnes, I would your feete would either runne or goe, and leaue this reeling running.

Bizardo. Boy, it taſtes to much of the ſpice, and the pepper.

Boy. A

Boie. A vengeance pepper such braines, as cannot beare one draught of Ipocras.

Biz. Boy let me see the pot.

Boy. Come will you walke? you haue pot enough, but looke who is this?

Enter Bragardo without hayre or beard. Solus.

Brag. Why how now slaue, what a case art thou in?

Biz. Such a case as you are I hope, what haue you bin in a birdes nest? why how scapt your eyes?

Brag. Oh *Bizardo* Mistris *Balia* hath betrayed me, there was a wedding: and the dogges that the tother day misused me were there, and fell vpon mee, and vsed me as you see; and but that I bestirred me with my curtilax, I had neuer come away aliue, but I will be reuenged on this house.

Enter a Maide with a broome.

Maid. What Rascall is this that keepes such a rayling at my mistris doore, what Captaine Swappes is it you? Ile be with you by and by, Ile haue a medicine for you. *Exit in againe.*

Brag. *Bizardo* let vs be gone, wee shall be betrayed, boy get you home with your pot: Ile send to you anon, or come on with me to my lodging, Ile pay you: goe poore *Bizardo*, Ile beare with thee, for this is not often. *Exeunt.*

Enter Balia with Ferio and the Doctors daughter, and her lone sets them to the Table: then she brings in Bario *and* Ferios *daughter and her lone: then the Lawyer and* Barios *Daughter, and her Boy: and last the Doctor with the Lawyers Daughter and her lone, and the Priest, and sit all together.*

Bal. Gentle men yee are all welcome, blessed bee the day that I haue seene you all together in my house: God blesse

ye

yee all and ſend you ioy one of another. I pray God.

Prieſt. Amen.

Lau. Miſtreſſe *Balia*, I thanke you, but by this meanes you are ridde of your gueſſe and wee of our children.

Bal. Not a whit, not a whit, I hope I ſhal haue them heere many a faire day before, I die yet, If I liue to it.

Bau. Oh but miſtris *Balia*, heere hath been double dealing, how ſay you Maiſter Doctor?

Doct. Mary, I thinke heere hath been treble dealing, what ſay you Maiſter *Ferio*?

Fie. Mary I thinke it hath been a ſong of foure parts: what ſay you Maiſter *Bario*?

Bar. I ſay I know not what to ſay, but we ſing all one tune, what ſay you Miſtris *Erinta*?

Erin. Forſooth I thanke you father?

Bar. Well ſaid wench, thou art ſure enough, of the fathers ſide: I that got thee, hee that gaue thee, and hee by thy huſband ſhall gouerne thee.

Erin. No forſooth father, I haue but one father: though three fathers: you are my onely father in loue, my husband in loue, and maiſter *Dorio* for a church-father, and therefore I beſeech you, as I am youronely Daughter, bee you ſtill my onely father.

Bar. And I will wench, but what ſaieth Miſtris *Iſſabella*?

Iſſa. Aske my father if it pleaſe you, for he frownes ſo, that I feare to ſpeake.

Doct. Speake Ape, I am not angrie, for I know your hand was in this pye.

Iſſa. In truth Sir, the meate was dreſt ere I knew of the dinner, but I hope you will not bee angrie that I tooke my part of good cheere.

Doct. I will not wiſh no man choaked becauſe I cannot eate, and I can the better eate, and I can the better faſt, when my friendes beare mee companie: but what ſay you Miſtris *Gianetta*?

Gio. Sir I say that age is kinde that pittieth youth, aske Maister *Ferio*, if I say true or not.

Fer. But youth is subtil that deceiueth age, and so are you mistresse, if I might say what I thinke: but what say you mistresse *Lodouica*?

Lod. I say that flowers and frostes cannot agree, but nature hath her pleasures and witt her deuises, and I hope where youth is kinde, age will be comfortable.

Fer. Like enough, but a frost in the spring may nip a flower in the bud, and Nature without reason may haue wit without discretion, and age being deceiued, may smile at you the diseased: but doe you remember your faith and troth, *Lod.* yes, I had giuen it my husband before, and he would not part with it in any wise.

Ferio Maister *Bario*, I see it is in vaine, to talk to the wenches, they will haue it if they set on it: if they die for it, and they shall haue it for me: they haue their Loues, the Boyes haue our handes and we haue the whirligige I gaue your Daughter to his sonne.

Fi. And I yours to his.

Doct. And I yours.

Doct. And I yours.

Fi. And this was my sonne and your daughter.

Bar. And this was my Daughter and your sonne.

Doct. And this shall be my sonne and Daughter.

Dor. And this is my Daughter and my Sonne, and therefore since the wenches by their witts haue cousned vs of our wealthe, and our Boies, for shame let vs giue them somewhat, for they are not yet beholding to vs.

Fer. Begin and ile followe.

Doct. And I.

Bario. And I.

Doct. Come on then boyes and wenches, your hands are soft enough Arcadie, now let vs holde handes together: when

wee die: they ſhall haue our Landes, and goods: and while wee liue our kinde loues: and ſo God ſend them as their hearts can wiſh, and vpon this, as many as clap handes.

Fi. Amen, Amen, this night, I well entreate you all to my houſe, to morrow I am at your direction. *Exeunt.*

Enter Epilogus.

MY Maiſters heere is a feaſt ſpoken of, and a company biddē, but let me tel you, their houſes are ſo farre hēce, & their meate ſcarce: yet far from the market, ſo that I aſſure you, I doe ſhrewdly doubt, that either your ſtomakes will be gone ere the meate bee readie, or elſe there will bee ſo manie: that their will not bee haife enough for the third parte, that will bee there, and therefore to auoide all inconueniences, I would wiſh you all that either haue any meate at home or are bidden to your better friendes, not to leaue your ſupper in earneſt for a banquet in ieſt, & yet If this that you haue hearp haue anie thing pleaſed the taſte of your kinde vnderſtāding that with a token of contentment, you will giue a plandite to our conceites.

Exit.

FINIS.

BRITISH MUSEUM

HOME USE
CIRCULATION DEPARTMENT
MAIN LIBRARY

This book is due on the last date stamped below.
1-month loans may be renewed by calling 642-3405.
6-month loans may be recharged by bringing books to Circulation Desk.
Renewals and recharges may be made 4 days prior to due date.
ALL BOOKS ARE SUBJECT TO RECALL 7 DAYS AFTER DATE CHECKED OUT.

APR 24 1976 '76 40
REC. CIR.

LD21—A-40m-8,'75
(S7737L)

General Library
University of California
Berkeley

229924

THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY